Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on L: Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit,
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious L: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Prin. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Aside. *Glo.* So wise, so young, they say, do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long.
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.
Aside.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.
Glo. How fares our Cousen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle Cousen, with all my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kinde Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no greefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cosen.
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O thā I see you wil part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.